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LES FEMMES. Par ALPHONSE KARR. Paris.

We have just received the above volume, which contains some things about the fair sex—in France—for which the author deserves to be held up to universal execration. We have used up all the explosives, not decidedly profane, in characterizing some of the statements of this uncivil French gentleman; and now that he may be still further and notably punished, we propose to gibbet him, that he may be prepared with pins and needles, cramped in crinoline. What if Socrates said it would be more tolerable to live with a dragon than a woman, as Mr. Karr avers? Had Socrates ever lived with a dragon? Besides, Socrates, we boldly assert, was a humbug of the first water. Don't his own disciples, and writers of that age, show him to have been a tipping old drunkard, whose brain-pan would hold a little more Chian wine than anybody's else? and the best that is said of him shows him to have been a idle vagabond, loafing around in dirty, ragged clothes, asking foolish questions of a lot of idle fellows as lazy as himself, and doing nothing to provide his wife with a decent dress to her back. Nobody has ever heard of Mrs. Xantippe say which she would prefer, a respectable dragon in glittering golden scales, or dirty, ragged old Socrates. If he didn't like it, why didn't his lazy old legs carry his lazy old body out of Athens? We'll bet Mr. X. S. wouldn't have followed him. The way the fellow died shows his character. He was made to take a bowl of hemlock for being such an intolerable old bore and nuisance. A little hemlock water wouldn't be bad now-a-days.

But we are leaving Mr. Karr. He opens with an abominable little French epigram, of which we give the following free translation:—
When Adam, waking, first his life unfolds
In Eden's grove, beside him he beholds
Some of his wives, fresh as his flesh, and knows
His children, though he never saw before.
What ought to be done with a man who would perpetrate such an atrocious thing as that? Does he deserve any mercy, any repose? Would a certain lecture every night, undertaken most every day, and house-cleaning all the week, be too severe for one who could thus belie the fair sex?

We leave him to their just vengeance. Mr. Karr ridicules their fashions to the utmost, and criticizes their taste in all they wear, with the acumen of a tinsmith. Rising then with his subject, he places the alliance between the dress and the woman as perfect. He says:
Dress is the great business of all women, and the fixed idea of none. Thus every event in their lives has a change of dress to its result, and often for its cause. In this way gods divide a woman's existence into an infinite number of eras and begins. "Such a thing happened at the time when I had my purple velvet dress; such another when I bought my pink satin." To mark important events more precisely, you hear, "The first time I was married I was dressed in blue." When girls do not marry solely for the purpose of putting on the wedding costume, you may still be certain that it does, in some degree, influence their minds. Mr. Karr never would have been accepted if his wife had thought only of him, but a veil and orange flower wreath, which suits a bride so well, cannot be worn, excepting on the wedding-day, and, in order to marry, a husband is required; so he is taken as an accessory, just in the same way as carriages are hired. Many would very likely prefer to be married without a husband, but that is not the custom.

Isn't that savage? It is lucky for him that it is of French women he speaks. We know that no such declarations as he has here laid down have any application in our country. If he did, we would favor the immediate calling of a Woman's Rights Convention in one of the New England States, whose business it should be to marry him to the cross-stitch and needle of the lot.

The author then gives us some pictures of habits and conversation in Paris, upon which we here deemed a melancholy occasion, which we transfer to our columns:

Madame has just lost a relative; her grief is profound, and it will soon be alleviated by the necessity of providing mourning. "What is most worn there, what is the most fashionable kind of mourning?" The milliner must be visited, the dressmaker and the draper; this is done with less scruple than the shops have been opened for the sale of articles of mourning alone. All sorrow quickly disappears beneath the load of care about dress; the anxiety is whether the bonnet shall be too small or the gown too short. But it is seldom an accident of this kind happens. When properly attired, Madame goes to make a call upon a friend. She says:
"I hear you have lost your cousin; it must have been a terrible shock to you."
"What a lovely bonnet you have on."
"She was quite young, I believe?"
"Do you still continue to employ Mrs.?"
"Yes, she has been my milliner for the last three years."
"Nothing could possibly suit you better."
"I feel deeply for your sorrow."
"I loved her like a sister. She has left a dreadful void in my life."
"How do you like the material of my dress?"
"At the Sarapagos?"
"She has left two poor little children."
And Madame's friend begins to feel a little uneasy: she would willingly lose a relation so that she might be able to wear such a charming bonnet; and she says to herself, "The first time I have to go into mourning I will buy my dresses at the Sarapagos;" and then she passes all her relations in review to see whether there is any one amongst them any reasonable hope she may soon possess such a beautiful gown.

Just in the same way every event, every fresh alliance, every friendship, serves as a pretext for a new dress; a friend gives a ball—a new gown; she marries—a new gown; she dies—a new gown; and so on, ad infinitum.

If that is really the way the distressed relative takes her affliction in France, we must confess we can see no advantage a Frenchman gains in dying. He had as well live.

This subject of mourning is an interest-

ing one with the author. He dwells upon it in its various lights and shades. Having shown us, as above, the manner in which a loss is treated; the light and trivial conversation that follows, he takes us to the *Maison de Mode*, and shows us the fashionable rules of mourning. How grief is divided up by intervals to let it gradually alleviate, until finally, like the tree, desolate in winter, it puts forth its blossoms and rejoices in full fruition in harvest.

We find it in the practices and customs adopted to show our grief on the loss of persons whom we love, or whom it is supposed to be our duty to love.

To judge by these customs, we should be tempted to believe that it has been necessary to give to grief, either permitted or proper, general and common limits, beyond which manifestations shall be declared to be in bad taste. It has been equally agreed upon, that those who shall scrupulously observe certain simple and easy practices, shall be considered to experience a sufficient degree of grief. Thus, it is proper for a woman to mourn her husband a year and six weeks; a man only mourns his wife six months—that is to say, the widow on the morning of the 471st day (and the widower on the dawn of the 181st) awakes in a gay and cheerful mood.

Grief divides itself into several periods in the case of widows.

1st period. Despair, six weeks. This period is known by a black paramatta dress, coral collar and cuffs, and the disappearance of the hair beneath the widow's cap.

2d period. Profound grief. Despondency, six weeks. Profound grief is recognized by the dress, which still continues to be of paramatta, and the despondency which succeeds to despair is symbolized by the white coral collar and cuffs.

3d period. Grief softened by the consolations of friends and the hope soon to be restored to the bereaved, which is symbolized by a better world. These melancholy sentiments last six months; they are expressed by a black silk dress; the widow's cap is still worn.

4th period. Time heals the wounds of the heart. Providence tempers the east wind to the storm lamb. Violent attacks of grief only come on at rare intervals. Sometimes the widow seems as though she had forgotten her loss, but all at once a circumstance, apparently indifferent, recalls it, and she falls back into grief. Yet she dwells from time to time upon the faults of the beloved, but it is only to contrast them with her own faults. This period would be three months enough for the world at large, therefore it has been decided to express it simply by half mourning.

5th period. Grief is now only a softened melancholy, which will last all her life—six weeks. This touching and graceful sentiment shows itself by a quiet gray silk dress, the sufferer less feels the loss than the acute depression of a husband.

When any lady loses her husband, it is requisite, either to pay her a visit of condolence, or to address a letter to her. It is customary in these cases to make use of such language as admits the probability of the greatest possible grief, that of "Artemis," for example. Fontenelle, however, thought proper to send a blank letter to a young friend of his who had lost an old husband, saying she would fill it up three months afterward. When he did so, he began, "Madame, I congratulate you." But this is quite contrary to custom. Therefore, when a widow writes to an old avuncular husband, from whom she inherits a large fortune, she ought not to be less to entreat her not to give herself up to despair, and take care to look as though you believed it was law and custom alone which prevented her from burying herself with him.

This is worth reading, as we have heard somewhere that this thing of showing assuaged grief, as by a tape measure, is very common to the French; that it is very common to see ladies in all the grades of the habiliments of woe, and that a lady skilled in the art, on leaving a church full of mourners, can tell the exact period that has elapsed, or ought to have elapsed, since the departure of each regretted spirit gone before.

We will give but one more quotation, when we will hand Monsieur Alphonse Karr over to the deserved vengeance of the fair sex. In commenting upon the age of women, he says:

Listen to a woman of twenty speaking of old women; she does not talk of them as persons whom she will one day resemble. To hear her talk you might fancy that young and old women are two entirely different species, black and white, and that she belongs to the young, just as she does to the white. But what, after all, is it to be old? It is not to have spent a certain number of years out of the mysterious sum allotted to each of us, to be old is to have lost all beauty, to possess no longer the power to charm. Women are often reproached because they will not tell the truth respecting their age. It is much more to conceal it than to tell it on the part of men to ask it, than on the part of women to conceal it. It is very well to ask the age of a woman whom we have not seen, because it gives one some sort of a criterion, a very slight one, by which to form an idea of her as to her personal charms, but it is perfectly useless to ask a woman's age after you have once seen her, and can judge what she really is, instead of what she pretends to be.

There is a truth in the last of this. No one has the right to ask the age of a lady; it is pure impertinence.

Of whatever truth there may be in this, so far as it is a matter of custom, it is not the woman, but the man, who is to blame. The former, by the way, is created to please, and if the methods she adopts succeed in pleasing, who is the man to blame? As this is her nature, it should make her sacred wherever she appears.

There exists in many minds a prejudice against works of fiction. They are looked upon as the bane of youth, a fountain from which flows perennial streams of depravity. That there is much reason for this it would be useless to deny. Much in the fictitious literature of the day, and more of the past, was of such a licentious character as to muddy the purest mind, especially if it had not been sufficiently strengthened by other and higher moral teachings. In the same way the most pure art, the most delightful genius of poetry and romance, may be bent to debasing objects, and for a similar reason objections can be made to all that beautifies and adorns the world, because it may be used to throw its rosy colorings over things corrupt. If the subject and aim of the novel is debasing, or if it is treated in a way that tends to impurities or false views of life, it is wrong. On this account Schiller's drama of "The Robbers" has been condemned for its evil tendencies. The German writers and critics say that soon after its publication the wild young German students frequently formed themselves into roving bands of robbers, their minds filled with romantic views about the glory of stealing. It is rather a ridiculous termination to so much more of moonlight words, robber caverns filled with glittering wealth and desperate bravery, to add that these valiant

hero bands were broken up, not by soldiers, but the hard winters, which sent them shivering to their homes or to the gallows. So "Jack Sheppard," "Claude Duval" and "Paul Clifford" and the like trash novels, filled with false philosophy and false morality, are worthy of nothing but condemnation, and the readers of them have not the plea the transcendent genius of Schiller throws around his drama.

If these should be kept from the hands of the young, and condemned by the old, would it be right also to take from them the ennobling drama of Shakespeare, the poet who wrote pure in an age of impurity? or the healthy instruction of such "every-day" preachers as Dickens and Thackeray?

Through all ages romances and plays have been the cheerer, the consoler and the teacher. The old Greek has roared over the comicallies of Aristophanes and felt his cheek glow over the grand Greek dramas. Can we not fancy, in the hours of relaxation, the old Roman laughing at the curiosity of Lucius, in Apuleius, who, in using the magical ointment to change himself to a bird, suddenly found himself an ass? Can the noble, eccentric character of Don Quixote be read or studied by any one without its leaving him a wiser and better man? Or, to come to later times, where is there a better type of a gentle, loving and brave nature, an obscure life with one prevailing fault in it, and even that good, than Uncle Toby, in Tristram Shandy? Or what is more admirable than Mr. Pickwick, whom Dickens must have begun in ridicule to end by falling in love with his own humorous, honest conception, and he painted all his frailties in light? What is a better model of a kind, tender-hearted, prejudiced gentleman than Colonel Newcome, the masterpiece of Thackeray? How well we see the form and character of "Oliver" grow in the same book, from childhood to manhood, and always cherry, pure and life-like! Or let us select a different type from these. Let us take Dick Swiveler—rollicking, frolicking Dick—with all of his faults (which we would not extenuate), the evil associates who seem to lean on him, his careless nature, and his pathetic love for Sophy Clagg—who can read of him without offering him in good fellowship his favorite toast, "May the wing of Friendship never smite a devotee, but always be expanded and serene!" Does any one who reads the story feel disposed to imitate the faults of Dick, even when he loves him most? Does he not breathe, in parting with him and the "Marchioness," whose early life "was a limited view of society through a key-hole," a blessing on them both, and feel better for having known them? Or, to select another from the same book, when did ever the tears shed over the life, the travels and the sufferings of "Little Nell" fail to leave the heart purer?

Was any one ever any worse for having read the delicate, genial summer stories of Washington Irving; and, wandering with him in the fairy lands of the Alhambra? Ah! it is an education, almost, to read Washington Irving. Will Hawthorne be any more injurious than some crude tract thrown out by an idle theological student, with absurd views of this world and the next? Hawthorne, whose pure life is mirrored in the gentle and moral teachings of his works. Then, can Walter Scott be condemned? Who can read his wonderful novels and romances, numerous and varied as they are, and find one that does not leave him happier and better?

It is not only such works as these. At one sweep the child is robbed of poor Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. The Arabian Nights never bring their fairy lands to him; and Mother Goose is unknown, as is her relative that laid the golden eggs. It robs childhood of all its fairy-like imaginings—all the wonderful creations that ages have gathered, to be crowned to it in the cradle, and shown to it, in violent red and blue pictures, in childhood.

Those who object to works of fiction are always careful, however, to except such works as Robinson Crusoe, Mother Goose, and fairy stories. What does this prove, if it proves anything, but that such works of fiction as they have read find innocent of evil, and promoting good? The same persons, if they had read other works of fiction, would probably enlarge the sphere of reading until it ceased to condemn works of fiction, as such, and only condemn such works as were evil in themselves.

When it comes to reading much of the trash that is now thrown loose upon the world, one is almost disposed, in a fit of the spleen, to condemn all reading together; but when we find that to acquire knowledge we have to sift for ourselves, and that heaven knows its own rules for confounding the work of evil, we can hope that some books, though apparently far from God, may prove to be the lead in whose head is a precious jewel.

General Washington, in his farewell address to his countrymen, among his words of wisdom, spoke the following: "If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always exist of the transient usurpation which the use can at any time vindicate."

An Old Printer and Veteran.—Col. Robert Carr, a printer, now 83 years of age, read the Declaration of Independence before the veterans of 1812, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July. Col. Carr was an apprentice of Benjamin Franklin. His memory and eyesight are as good as his. He was fifty years ago, and he still supports himself by manual labor.

A Country girl, who, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said, "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A pretty girl of our acquaintance says that no one falls in love with her unless they are "dreadful wicked" or "awful pious." Is there no young man between these two extremes that would like to try his luck?

Pearl-bunting is lively in Montpellier, Vermont. Over \$1,500 worth have been found in Winslow River.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

TO MISS JOSIE M.—N.

OF O'BANNO'S, KY.

Come with me to my forest shade,
Where, on the breeze-swept grassy glade,
The lingering beams of sunset played
In rainbow smiles;
There sweetly waves the wild blue-bell,
And trod the green and grassy dell,
And fairy music's gushing swell
The heart beguiles.

I've dreamed that thou art the same fair maid
That shared with me the sylvan glade
Of opening day;
And trod the green and grassy glade,
Where murmuring showers
Fell from the clouds like April rain,
Their tear-drops glistening on the plain,
Where summer breezes sighed again
And chased the flowers.

And where the morning's crystal dew
Drops from the thistle's "bonnet blue,"
And Eastern skies have caught the hue
Of opening day;
We'll roam where "winds and water sweep,"
The pure cool waves shall kiss our feet,
Where sparkling waters bright and sweet
Roll far away.

So far away from haunts of men
We'll wander as I wandered then,
Along the lone sequestered glen,
Where songsters gay
From every swinging forest spray
That bends in beauty o'er our way
Shall fling upon the sunny day
Some melody.

And we will watch the shadows dim
That slowly o'er the western sky
When day's long course is almost run,
To evening shades;
When morn's the silver-throated dove
His plaintive evening hymn of love,
When crimson lines of sunset move
Across the meadow.

Fair girl, I would thy life could be
A summer day, and cloudless,
That joys might ever smile for thee;
In thy bright eyes
I'd see the gleams of pleasure meet
The tempter lingers with his wiles,
And sunny hopes that rise in smiles
On life's sea.

Yet I will pray that on thy way
No clouds shall dim one glittering ray
That o'er the heaven of love doth play
In thy bright eyes;
In thy bright eyes
I'd see the gleams of pleasure meet
The tempter lingers with his wiles,
And sunny hopes that rise in smiles
On life's sea.

And when I see thee proudly tread
Upon fame's glittering mountain-head,
Where eagles perch and vultures bed
From heights so hoary,
My fervent wish, dear girl, shall be,
Thine pure and true, and bright and free,
Life's golden joys shall be for thee
In golden glory.

And when Time's lightning shadows fall
Upon life's withered landscape fall
In autumn's sad and gloomy fall,
Then may'st thou be
Like some remembered, blue, wild flower
That blossomed not in summer bowers,
But waited for autumnal hours
To bloom for me.

And when upon Time's mountain brow
The sun of life is setting low,
When death's dim twilight gleamsing throw
Shades on the even,
As the clouds of closing day
Fade 'neath the golden Western ray,
So may thy spirit float away
In realms of Heaven.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

NAN FOOD.

BY ELEANOR.

PART III.

"Draw thy memory lest thou learn it, lest thy heart
In the dead and unhappy night when the rain is
On the roof."

A year after, in the gliding whirl of
fashion, I met Pearl and woeed and won
her. It would have been better for me,
better for my young bride, had I not yielded
to Mrs. Hamilton's love of display. We
had a handsome house and lived in all the
disipation of New York high life. It was
too much temptation for her youth and
natural gaiety. Let me deal tenderly with
her faults for my own sake. I knew she
loved me. My hours of darkness would
come sometimes, but thank Heaven better
thoughts always prevailed. Only a little
spoiled by fashion, a little too gay, perhaps,
but my own true wife. I felt it with tears
when our baby was laid in my arms and
she rested her beautiful, pale face against
mine and called me "Papa." Oh! then I
knew she was my very own "will do as
she pleases" part. We had the honeymoon
of our married life. I think we
would have been very happy then had it
not been for Mrs. Hamilton. She came
often to see Pearl, and filled her ears with
tidings of the gay world, laid plans of fu-
ture revelries in which my wife was to
shine conspicuously. I do not think she
dreamed of the mischief she was doing—
womanly vanities had grown so familiar to
her she never thought of their dangers.

You had never been with us, Rachel—
refused all invitations—but a voice had come
from the quiet country-side, and every
heart was stirred by its warblings. Seared
natures thrilled to the echoes of childish
memories and purer joys; hearts canted
with worldliness or bowed with grief,
humbled into life and roused into energy
from its noisome teachings. I read, as few
could, the heart that had suffered and con-
quered and now hung in tender pity over
all the sorrowing.

The first one came in the early moments
of my married life, when I found the quiet
household lonesome I had dreamed of joys un-
realized—came to me in my bitter awaken-
ing to soften and rebuke my passion.

Let me begin with the evening Pearl left
her room. How delicately beautiful she
looked, lying on the crimson velvet cushions,
in her white wrapper. It was spring
time, not warm enough to be without dress,
yet too close to leave the windows down. I
looked at my pretty young wife and at my
costly room, where wealth had gathered
every comfort, and my heart swelled with
thankfulness. I talked to Pearl as I had
never talked before—of our love that
should be all and all to each other, beyond
and above everything else on earth, of our
good Father who had strown our lives with
so many blessings and asked so little in
return; of our little one who must be led
to that Saviour who blessed little children,
and bade them "come unto him;" and more
I said while the young moon shone she
light like a blessing o'er us. As Pearl wept
and clung to me, while a new womanly
thoughtfulness dawned in her beautiful
eyes, my girl-wife started at the magnitude
of existence. It was a very happy night
—the happiest of my life, I think. The
young moon shines into my room now as I
write; but never again with the glory of

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

THAT EVENING—NEVER AGAIN WITH ITS RICH
promises for the unknown future.

"Peace, peace—I only ask for peace; care is my
God;
Each peace, each peace—each peace breaks all my
imagery."
That was our last evening alone together.

The next brought John Hamilton. I
thought he frowned as he saw me sitting
so low-like beside Pearl, holding her
hand. Baby was shown with the pride of
young motherhood, and though he praised
our little Lily, I don't think he relished
seeing Pearl's graceful cares for it or her
loving caresses.

Company, company, all the time! Pearl
looked worn and pale—no more my wife,
but the pet of fashion. Mrs. Hamilton
said "it was nursing," and baby was ban-
ished when not on exhibition. Then Pearl
was well enough to drive out—that was
what she needed. I proposed taking her
to the country, but was put down. More
galleys, balls, parties, concerts, soirees.
I hated them! I plunged into literature,
politics, and, alas! worse caresses.

Lily thrived badly; she was surely a little
as ever green, so pale and faded in all her
laces and finery. I questioned the doctor,
he advised the sea-side. We went to the res-
ort. More galleys, balls, bathing and misery.
I spent most of my time with our little
one, holding her tiny hands and turning her
soft, silken ringlets over my fingers.
How eagerly her blue eyes opened to mine,
how very quiet she would lie in my arms.
I would walk up and down the beach, and
some persons would laugh and some would
look sadly after us. Often gay parties
would pass, and Pearl would nod and smile
from them, and I would look at her, so
bright and beautiful, and then down at the
little falling blossom in my arms. Mrs.
Hamilton said "I was a goose about the
child." I think Pearl never dreamed of
the truth. I know she never thought of
her baby dying.

It was one summer evening—so starry
that millions of angel eyes seemed bend-
ing over, wooing my darling away. I sat
at the open window, my head leaning on
my hand, watching the varying breath
slowly dying on the thin, white lips. Pearl
was gone. I and the servant were alone.
I closed the gentle eyes that would never
again look up to mine, and I thought of
you, Rachel, and wished that you might
have seen our pretty darling before she
was called away.

Pearl raved and tore her beautiful hair,
and rebelliously called on the God she had
offended, and cried that I never, never
would love her again. My poor, miserable
young wife, her grief was as transient as
a bubble. Her heart was full of love and
excitement was necessary, or she would
go crazy." She was dragged from my
arms into the world again, and I, crushed
and miserable, only clung to good through
the memory of those angel eyes that looked
down on their father.

Then you came to us, Rachel. I scarce
knew what my feelings were when they
told me you were in my house—pale, pleas-
ure, and a thrill of something new and hap-
py. What new life thrilled through me,
I could have raved and frolicked with the
gaiety of those early innocent days. We
had been talking in one of those social
moments, as I sat there, and you came, and
you gently refused, and she withdrew
partially from my vortex. How I
loved to see your slight figure in its quiet
colored drapery moving among its hand-
some rooms. Once I had thought it too
quiet, but my eyes had been surfeited with
gaudy trappings. I felt my heart warming
in love towards the white world—my mis-
erable heart warmed by the love of a
kind. My wife was dearer than ever, and
more domestic than she had ever been.
You had been with us nearly two months,
and we were promising to return home with
you to the quiet of your own village hap-
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you gently refused, and she withdrew
partially from my vortex. How I
loved to see your slight figure in its quiet
colored drapery moving among its hand-
some rooms. Once I had thought it too
quiet, but my eyes had been surfeited with
gaudy trappings. I felt my heart warming
in love towards the white world—my mis-
erable heart warmed by the love of a
kind. My wife was dearer than ever, and
more domestic than she had ever been.

You had been with us nearly two months,
and we were promising to return home with
you to the quiet of your own village hap-
piness. What new life thrilled through me,
I could have raved and frolicked with the
gaiety of those early innocent days. We
had been talking in one of those social
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(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

FRAGMENT.

BY E. KENNETH EVANS.

I'm gathering beautiful gems to-night
From memory's tranquil sea,
And some of the richest and rarest
I've laid aside for thee.

There's a hope of my childhood
Stranded upon the shore,
And a voice steals up from the ruins
Whispering "never more."

But the moon is shining as brightly
As ever it did of yore,
And up in the skies an angel choir
Is singing "forever more."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

—At the Boston organ concert Mr.
Eugene Thayer, a favorite organist, has been
playing some of Handel's fugues, written
expressly for the organ. Hitherto only
Handel's choruses and vocal pieces, adapted
for the organ, have been heard on that in-
strument in this country.

—There were eight organ concerts at the
Boston Musical Hall during the first two
weeks of last month. Three of them were
given by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Chase, or-
ganist and basso of Grace Church, of whom
Dwight's Journal says:

“A gentleman wishing, not long since to “pop the question,” took up the young lady’s cat, and said, “Pussy, may I have your mistress?” It was answered by the lady—“Say yes, pussy!”

proceeded most satisfactorily, contrary
all expectation. But on the eighteenth day
symptoms of lockjaw manifested them-
selves; to obviate which, Dr. de Leele
caused the wound to be covered with su-
phate of morphine, and administered opium.

...that his language was less

man | capable of removing.

is, in order to serve for the identifica- [to

but not otherwise."